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... By ...
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How far a man's natural inclination toward evil may carry him, despite the fact that his wrongdoing involves the wrecking of the happiness of his only son, is well shown in this story of Chicago, the Philippines and New York. The tale is not all one of evil, however. In it figure also love and romance, daring and danger, patriotism and the self sacrificing if mistaken devotion of the Filipino to his country's cause. Our narrative is essentially one of modern times, and its characters or their originals walk the streets of American cities today, but their actions and the story of their loves and hates recall with distinct force the scenes and persons depicted by Dickens. Especially is this true of Elias Droom, the elderly lawyer's clerk, who is worthy of comparison with any one to be found in the pages of the English master.



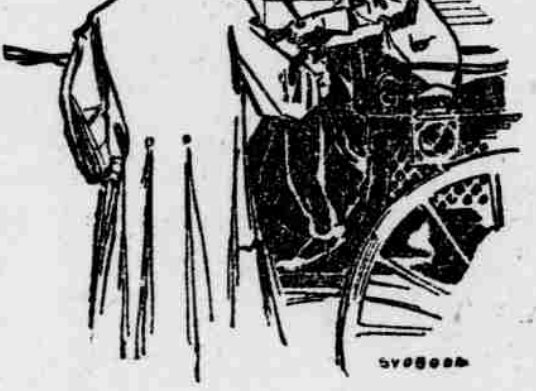
CHAPTER I.

It was a bright, clear afternoon in the late fall that pretty Miss Cable drove up in her trap and waited at the curb for her father to come forth from his office in one of Chicago's tallest buildings. The crisp, caressing wind that came up the street from the lake put the pink into her smooth cheeks, but it did not disturb the brown hair that crowned her head. Well groomed and graceful, she sat straight and sure upon the box, her gloved hand grasping the yellow reins firmly and confidently. Miss Cable looked neither to right nor to left, but at the tips of her thoroughbred's ears. Slender and tall and very aristocratic she appeared, her profile alone visible to the passersby. After a very few moments' waiting in her trap the smart young woman became impatient. A severe little pucker settled upon her brow, and no once, but many times, her eyes turned to the broad entrance across the sidewalk. She had telephoned to her father earlier in the afternoon, and he had promised faithfully to be ready at 4 o'clock for a spin up the drive behind Spartan. At three minutes past 4 the pucker made its first appearance, and now, several minutes later, it was quite distressing. Never before had he kept her waiting like this. She was conscious of the fact that at least a hundred men had stared at her in the longest ten minutes she had ever known. From the bottom of a very hot heart she was beginning to resent this scrutiny when a tall young fellow swung around a nearby corner and came up with a smile so full of delight that the dainty pucker left her brow as the shadow flees from the sunshine. His hat was off and poised gallantly above his head, his right hand reaching up to clasp the warm little tan one outstretched to meet it.

"I knew it was you long before I saw you," said he warmly.

"Truly? How interesting!" she responded, with equal warmth. "Something psychic in the atmosphere to-day?"

"Oh, no," he said, reluctantly releasing her hand. "I can't see through



"I knew it was you long before I saw you."

These huge buildings, you know. It's impossible to look over their tops. I simply knew you were here, that's all."

"You're romantic, even though you are a bit silly," she cried gayly. "Pray, how could you know?"

"Simplest thing in the world. Rightly told me he had seen you and that you seemed to be in a great rage. He dared me to venture into your presence, and that's why I'm here."

"What a hopelessly commonplace explanation! Why did you not leave me to think that there was really something psychic about it? Logic is so discouraging to one's conceit. I'm in a very disagreeable humor today," she said, in fine despair.

"I don't believe it," he disputed graciously.

"But I am," she insisted, smiling brightly. His heart was leaping high—so high that it filled his eyes. "Everything has gone wrong with me today. It's pretty trying to have to wait in front of a big office building for fifteen minutes. Every instant I expect a policeman to come up and order me to move on. Don't they arrest people for blocking the street?"

"Yes, and put them in awful, rat swarming dungeons over in Dearborn avenue. Poor Mr. Cable, he should be

made to suffer severely for his wretched conduct. The idea of—"

"Don't you dare to say anything mean about dad," she warned.

"But he's the cause of all the trouble. He's never done anything to make you happy or—"

"Stop! I take it all back. I'm in a perfectly adorable humor. It was dreadfully mean of me to be half angry with him, wasn't it? He's in there now working his dear old brain to pieces, and I'm out here with no brain at all," she said ruefully.

To the ingenious youth such an appeal to his gallantry was well nigh irresistible, and for a moment it seemed as if he would yield to the temptation to essay a brilliant contradiction, but his wits came to his rescue, for, quickly realizing that not only were the frowning rocks of offense to be avoided, but likewise the danger of floundering helplessly about in the inviting quicksands of inanity, he preserved silence, wise young man that he was, and trusted to his eyes to express an eloquent refutation. At last, however, something seemed to occur to him. A smile broke on his face.

"You had a stupid time last night," he hazarded.

"What makes you think so?"

"I know who took you in to dinner."

The eyes of the girl narrowed slightly at the corners.

"Did he tell you?"

"No; I have neither seen nor heard from any one present."

She opened her eyes wide.

"Well, Mr. S. Holmes, who was it?"

"That imbecile, Medford."

Miss Cable sat up very straight in the trap. Her little chin went up in the air. She even went so far as to make a pretense of curbing the impatience of her horse.

"Mr. Medford was most entertaining. He was the life of the dinner," she returned somewhat severely.

"He's a professional."

"An actor?" she cried incredulously.

"No; a professional diner out. Wasn't that rich young Jackson there?"

"Why, yes. But do tell me how you knew."

The girl was softening a little, her curiosity aroused.

"Of course I will," he said boyishly, at once pleased with himself and his sympathetic audience. "About 5:30 I happened to be in the club. Medford was there and, as usual, catering to Jackson, when the latter was called to the phone. Naturally I put two and two together. He paused to more thoroughly enjoy the look of utter mystification that hovered on the girl's countenance. It was very apparent that this method of deduction through addition was unsatisfying. "What Jackson said to Medford on his return," the young man continued, "I did not hear, but from the expression on the listener's face I could have wagered that an invitation had been extended and accepted. Oh, we boys have got it down fine. Garrison is—"

"And who is Garrison?"

"Garrison is the head door man at the club. It's positively amazing the number of telephone calls he receives every afternoon from well known society women."

"What about? And what's that got to do with Mr. Medford taking me in to dinner?"

"Just this: Suppose Mrs. Rowden—"

"Mrs. Rowden?" The girl was non-plused.

"Yes—wants to find out who's in the club. She phones Garrison. Instantly, after ascertaining which set, younger or old, is wanted, from a small card upon which he has written a few but choice names of club members he submits a name to her."

"Really, you don't mean to tell me that such a thing is actually done?"

exclaimed Miss Cable, who as yet was socially so unsophisticated as to be horrified. "You're joking, of course!"

"But nine times out of ten," ignoring the interruption, "it is met with: 'Don't want him.' Another: 'Makes a bad combination.' A third: 'Oh, no, my dear, not a dollar to his name—hopelessly ineligible!' This last exclamation, though intended solely for the visitor at her home, elicits from Garrison a low chuckle of approval of the speaker's discrimination, and presently he hears, 'Goodness me, Garrison, there must be some one else.' Then, to her delight, she is informed that Mr. Jackson has just come in, and he is requested to come to the phone, Garrison being dismissed with thanks and the expectation of seeing her butler in the morning."

"How perfectly delicious!" came from the girl. "I can almost hear Mrs. Rowden telling Jackson that he will be the dearest boy in the world if he will dine with her."

"And bring some one with him, as she is one man short," laughed Graydon, as he wound up lightly. "And here is where the professional comes in. We're all on to Medford! Why, Garrison has half a dozen requests a night for a dinner five—\$30. No, had—but then the man's a 'who's who' that never makes mistakes. I won't be positive that he does not draw pay from both ends. For, men like Medford, outside of the club, probably tip him to give them the preference. It would be good business."

There was so much self satisfaction in the speaker's manner of uttering these last words that it would not have required the wisdom of one older than Miss Cable to detect that he was thoroughly enjoying his pose of man of the world. He was indeed young, for he had yet to learn that not to disillusion the girl, but to conform as much as possible to her ideals, was the surest way to win her favor, and his vanity surely would have received a blow had not David Cable at that moment come out of the doorway across the sidewalk, pausing for a moment to converse with the man who accompanied him. The girl's face lighted with pleasure and relief, but the young man

regarding uneasily the countenance of the general manager of the Pacific, Lakes and Atlantic Railroad company, saw that he was white, tired and drawn. It was not the keen, alert expression that had been the admiration of every one; something vital seemed to be missing, although he could not have told what it was. A flame seemed to have died somewhere in his face, leaving behind a faint suggestion of



"Hello, Graydon! How are you?"

ashes, and through the young man's brain there flashed the remark of his fair companion: "He's in there now, working his dear old brain to pieces."

"I'm sorry to have kept you waiting, Jane," said Cable, crossing to the curb. "Hello, Graydon! How are you?"

His voice was sharp, crisp and louder than the occasion seemed to demand, but it was natural with him. Years of life in an engine cab do not serve to mellow the tone of the human voice, and the habit is too strong to be overcome. There was no polish to the tones as they issued from David Cable's lips. He spoke with more than ordinary regard for the queen's English, but it was because he never had neglected it. It was characteristic of the man to do a thing as nearly right as he knew how in the beginning and to do it the same way until a better method presented itself.

"Very well, thank you, Mr. Cable, except that Jane has been abusing me because you were not here to—"

"Don't you believe a word he says, dad," she cried.

"Oh, if the truth isn't in me, I'll subside," laughed Graydon. "Nevertheless you've kept her waiting, and it's only reasonable that she should abuse somebody."

"I am glad you were here to receive it. It saves my gray hairs."

"Rubbish!" was Miss Cable's simple comment as her father took his place beside her.

"Oh, please drive on, Jane," said the young man, his admiring eyes on the girl who grasped the reins afresh and straightened like a soldier for inspection. "I must run around to the University club and watch the score of the Yale-Harvard game at Cambridge. It looks like Harvard, hang it all! Great game, they say."

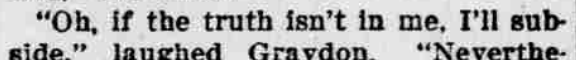
"There he goes on football. We must be off or it will be dark before we get away from him. Goodbye!" cried Miss Cable.

"How's your father, Gray? He wasn't feeling the best in the world yesterday," said Cable, tucking in the robe.

"A case of liver, Mr. Cable. He's all right today. Goodbye!"

As Jane and her father whirled away the latter gave utterance to a remark that brought a new brightness to her eyes and a proud throbbing to her heart, but he did not observe the effect.

"Bright, clever chap—that Graydon Bansemer," he said comfortably.



CHAPTER II.

HE general manager of the Pacific, Lakes and Atlantic Railroad system had had a hard struggle of it. He who begins his career with a shovel in a locomotive cab usually has something of that sort to look back upon. There are no roses along the pathway he has traversed. In the end, perhaps, he wonders if it has been worth while. David Cable was a general manager. He had been a fireman. It had required twenty-five years of hard work on his part to break through the chrysalis. Packed away in a chest upstairs in his house there was a grimy, greasy, unwholesome suit of once blue overalls. The garments were just as old as his railroad career, for he had worn them on his first trip with the shovel. When his wife implored him to throw away the "detestable things" he said, with characteristic humor, that he thought he would keep them for a rainy day. It was much simpler to go from general manager to fireman than vice versa, and it might be that he would need the suit again. It pleased him to hear his wife sniff contemptuously.

David Cable had been a wayward, venturesome youth. His father and mother had built their hopes high with him as a foundation, and he had proved a decidedly insecure basis, for one night in the winter of 1863 he stole away from his home in New York. Before spring he was fighting in the far southland, a boy of sixteen carrying a musket in the service of his country.

(To be Continued.)

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